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foreign approval, of course it will readily find buyers in New York, and soon we may expect to see it selling here at prices varying somewhere between three and four times what was asked for it when Mr. Moore was in New York a few years ago, and really needed encouragement.

MONTEZUMA.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, April 8, 1885.

THE Museum of Fine Arts' latest report, just published, is a rather blue and depressing document. At the end of the ninth year of its existence the deficiency of income is shown to be \$10,293. This deficiency was supplied from the "unrestricted funds" in the hands of the trustees, which are now reduced to about \$25,000. At the same rate the museum would have to close its doors in about two years. The expectation is, of course, that before that unhappy day a windfall or two, like that in the will of Harvey D. Parker, will drop into the treasury. Parker's \$100,000 has not yet come into the possession of the trustees, and when it does they propose, they say, to establish it as a permanent fund, of which the income only shall go to the support of the museum. So the proposed addition of a wing, which this Parker bequest would just about pay for, is postponed to the Greek kalends. Meanwhile the committee on the management of the museum cry aloud that they cannot begin to meet the demands made upon the space within the building available for the display of works of art. The museum collections, they say, are in the condition of a "growing boy, who, for want of means to purchase a new suit of clothes, must crowd himself into the old one which he had even last year outgrown." In short, affairs have reached the point when donations and loans to the museum have to be "relegated to the attic or stored in out-buildings." This is certainly not at all likely to encourage more gifts or loans. But the museum authorities partially confess to a failure to employ all the means for creating interest in the museum by recording that in place of the three, four or even five exhibitions that they have sometimes provided in the course of a year, they have held but a single one the past year—the memorial exhibition of George Fuller's works. The acquisitions have been a lot of pottery and sculptured fragments from Assos, a painting by H. Lerolle, a picture by Jacques d'Arthois (1613-1684), a collection of miniatures, ten paintings bequeathed by Thomas G. Appleton, including three by Troyon, one each by Diaz, Constable, Bonington, Stuart Newton, Vedder and Tintoretto, and a portrait of Washington Allston by himself. The visitors have numbered 168,288, by far the greatest majority on Sundays, although Saturday as well as Sunday is a free day. The figures of the Sunday admissions are eloquent as to the need and value of the Sunday opening of museums for the sake of popular education and recreation. The average number of paying visitors on other days than Saturday and Sunday was 53; on Saturdays (free) the average number was 819; on Sundays (free) the average number was 1392. The Museum School of Drawing and Painting has the same standing and the same attendance of pupils as ever (about 125), and the showing of work at the Easter recess was excellent. The top-lighted rooms in the upper story of the museum for the classes in drawing from the nude model, of which there are two—one for men and one for women—furnish accommodations for this work superior to any to be found in the old world.

This letter must be despatched just before two important general exhibitions—that of water-colors at the Boston Art Club, and the annual exhibition of contemporary American art at the museum. Of artists' individual exhibitions, the most interesting of the many taking place this month has been that of Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Brown. Mr. Brown's rich green landscape, with bright, moving skies, after the best modern French school, is tending more decidedly away from naturalism to a refined and lovely conventionalism. If one may venture a rather violent simile, his ripened and probably final development in style bears about the same relation to his earlier painting out of doors that Keats's poetry does to Wordsworth's. He is, indeed, a true poet of nature—a born yet well sophisticated poetizer, with the finest instinctive good judgment guarding him from precision and prose on the one hand, and rhodomontade or gush on the other. His wife has an equally unerring color-sense over a short gamut of greens for turf and trees, but takes everything most seriously and quietly. Other exhibitions of interest have been those of Walter

L. Dean, the young marine painter, who has builded well in a few years' study in France and Italy upon solid foundations laid in the Boston Museum School; of C. R. Grant, who has made something of a success by sheer dint of brains and inventive fancy in the composition of genre subjects, without any sufficient technical preparation; and of Emily D. Norcross, one of the few lingering representatives of the feminine "boom" in art created in Boston high-culture circles by the munificent magnetism, spicily dashed with humor and big D's, of the late Wm. M. Hunt. Sooth to say, these earnest triflers and creatures of communicated enthusiasm seem to have got no further on in the serious and difficult art of painting than they were ten or a dozen years ago, when their revered master flourished his thumb exultantly over their first "ébauches," and positively forbade them to profane such inspired strokes of genius by finishing them.

GRETA.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

STEELE MACKAYE is an almost universal genius. He is an author, dramatist, composer, actor, artist, teacher, architect, machinist, designer, manager, inventor—I dare not extend the list for fear that I should be suspected of burlesque when I am perfectly serious. He can draw the plans for a theatre; superintend its erection; build parts of it with his own hands; design its decorations; invent novelties for every department; write the opening play; drill and rehearse the company, and, if necessary, act the leading characters. I have seen him do all this twice, and, although once a sceptic, I am now a firm believer in Mackaye and his future.

I saw him do it at the miraculous little Madison Square, where I used to go to make fun of him for trying to dig down to the antipodes. But, out of the pit which had afforded me so much amusement, came, in process of time, the elevator stage, and out of that invention came the success of the theatre.

Ejected from the Madison Square—whether legally or illegally the suit, Mackaye vs. Mallory, will decide—he moved over to Fourth Avenue; organized the American Theatre Building and Managing Company, and built the Lyceum Theatre, which was at first intended as a home for the School of Acting, but has since become a regular playhouse.

Although cramped by the four walls, which were erected before he became connected with the enterprise, Mr. Mackaye has managed to crowd into the small space a number of novelties, that make the Lyceum a theatrical curiosity.

* * *

HAVING an elegant little theatre, unique in almost every respect, Mr. Mackaye has organized a strong working company. His leading man is Robert Mantell, who made an extraordinary success in "Fedora." His leading lady is Viola Allen, who is the daughter of Leslie Allen, and, although a novice, has won recognition by her performances with McCullough and Barrett. His juvenile man, J. B. Mason, he borrows from the Union Square. His comedienne is Sadie Martinot, who has achieved an exceptional reputation in Boston and New York. The minor members of his company are respectable professionally, and he has the pupils of the School of Acting to draw upon for small parts and for mobs and crowds.

Mr. Mackaye opened the Madison Square Theatre with "Hazel Kirke," the most popular play ever written in America. Before presenting it there he had tested it in the provinces, rewritten it several times, and made three changes in its title. He had no opportunity to experiment in this way with his Lyceum play, so he selected a subject which had already been tested in France, England and the United States. He took his story from Ohnet's novel, "Le Maître des Forges," and produced a new version of that much-dramatized work.

"Dakolar" begins, like "Lady Clare," with a young girl, in love with her cousin, who, from pique, marries a rich iron-master. As soon as she is married she is horrified at the consequences of her folly, and, after mutual explanations and reproaches, the husband and wife separate forever on their wedding night.

Here Mr. Mackaye begins to improve upon the French original. He contrives to conceal the cousin behind the curtains of a window overlooking the sea. The inter-

view between the husband and wife occurs before this unseen witness. Presently the husband sees the curtains move and rushes to kill the lover whom he suspects to be hiding. The curtains are dragged down, but there is nobody visible. The lover has sacrificed himself to save the honor of the wife. This is a very powerful situation.

Of course the lover does not die from his fall. He is rescued and nursed by Breton fishermen. The wife loses her reason, and, as in "Called Back," forgets everything that has happened. Gradually she learns to love her husband. The shattered lover turns for consolation to the comedienne. All parties are now prepared for a reconciliation, which, as in "Lady Clare," is brought about by a duel. But Mr. Mackaye's duel is different. The husband and the lover are equally tired of life. Neither one will fire at the other. Each desires that the other should kill him. Doubtless, this is very noble; but I confess that I laughed when the two men stood pointing their pistols at each other as if one were afraid, and the other dare not fire. Then in came the wife and the comedienne, and the couples are paired off happily.

Mr. Mantell equals his "Fedora" performance as *Dakolar*, the husband. Viola Allen is lovely and charming as the young wife. J. B. Mason plays the lover with unexpected tact and, although repeatedly placed in undignified situations, is never ridiculous until the duel. Sadie Martinot, as the comedienne, acts delightfully, and wears costumes which excite irrepressible applause from the ladies of the audience. The Lyceum pupils form a picturesque group of peasants and fisher folk; but, as in "Julius Cæsar," they are too boisterous and unanimous.

Unfortunately, having the popularity of *Dunstan Kirke* in his mind, Mr. Mackaye has introduced the character of an old retainer, who has a great deal to do, and a great deal more to say, in "Dakolar." Now, Joseph Frankau, the young actor to whom this important part is intrusted, is not at all like Mr. Couldock, the only *Dunstan Kirke*. On the contrary, he is very like the caricature by Mr. Couldock in "Adonis." Consequently, the audience laugh at his heroics, and the more earnestly he acts the louder they laugh. This is not the fault of Mr. Frankau, who does his best with a part much too large for him. Mr. Mackaye should have assumed the character himself on the first night. Probably he will do so before these pages are printed.

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THE close of the theatrical season is at hand. It comes about a month earlier than usual this year, and this is very hard upon professional people, to whom the summer is the most inclement period. The visit of Mr. Irving has made the season brilliant; but, beyond that, and the inauguration of the Lyceum, very little of importance has occurred.

Mr. Irving was banqueted, at Delmonico's, the day before his departure, by an assemblage of prominent gentlemen from all parts of the country, with Senator Evarts in the chair and Henry Ward Beecher as the orator of the evening. Before he sailed an invitation was received to a similar banquet in London, with Lord Dunraven to preside and Gladstone to welcome home the great English tragedian. Such unprecedented honors show Mr. Irving's unprecedented position and popularity. His two visits have considerably reformed our stage. In return, America has given him a fortune which renders him independent of the gains of his profession.

With the close of the season the metropolis has the customary ruck of new plays, presented here for advertising purposes, and new stars, who desire diplomas from New York so as to practise upon the provinces.

Pretty Estelle Clayton made her début as a star at the Union Square, the splendid stock company, to which she once belonged, having been disbanded by Messrs. Shook and Collier. She appeared in "Favette," a dramatization of one of Ouida's novels. The play failed, and pretty Miss Clayton will never rival Maggie Mitchell.

Next, Rose Coghlan, our best leading lady, experimented as a star, at Wallack's, in a new play, called "Our Joan," written for her by Herman Merivale; but the piece was very common melodrama, and I do not believe that Miss Coghlan will star in it.

* * *

The Madison Square changed its programme from "The Private Secretary" to "Sealed Instructions" too late in April to be reviewed in this issue.

Theo has sung good-by to us, and is not a very heavy loss. Next season we shall hear Judic. But Patti, who is singing good-by at the Academy, is a loss which can never be made up to her American friends.

STEPHEN FISKE.